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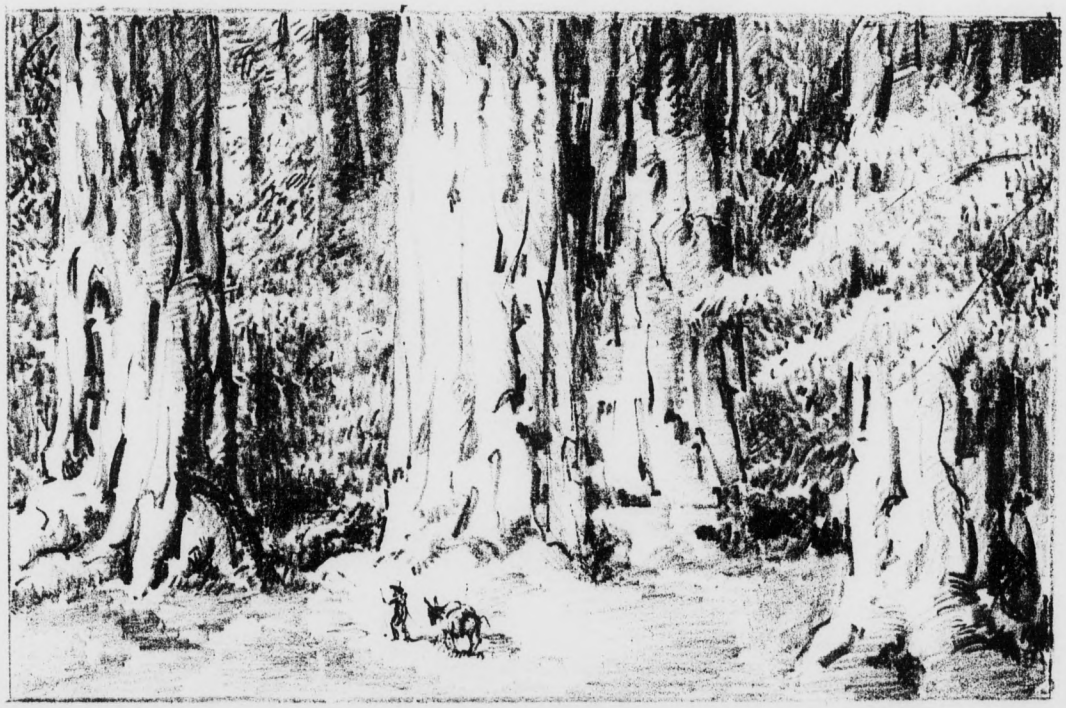
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HIGH LIGHTS

JUNE 1944 Volume 5 Number 5

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing is of a sketch made by Bernard Wynne, rendered as a lithograph by Alfred J. Dewey who made the advertising illustrations. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company of Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR Elizabeth Pingree

Just friend and neighbor, was the role he played,
The man who lived next door. You know the type;
Years full of work, ideals, he had portrayed
A lifetime of success, now richly ripe.
So, after all those years of pressing strife,
The leisure that was his, was nobly earned;
He thought it sweet, this calm, complaisant life
Of hearth and home, to which he had returned.

"Old clothes for comfort! Shoes not worn for style!"
He told me, leaning on my garden gate.
And then with twinkly eyes, with whimsy smile
He'd light his brier pipe, his constant mate.

Knowing he's gone, how strange that I still wait
The whiff of his pipe, the click of my garden gate.

LIFE

Into the resounding circles of the infinite, brilliantly ablaze with the light of galaxy over wheeling galaxy of glowing stars; through the midst of the vast concourse of the immortals gathered there, he who was called and was chosen stepped quietly forth.

It was neither by chance nor by caprice that he was called into action; he was chosen by the needs of unfolding design: neither was he selected as the instrument of special interposition or of fate; he was made manifest as the fixed, determinate effect of free, indeterminate cause.

In a long slow gesture, ineffable in its grace, he lifted a hand in salute; and, from the Throne, his salutation, majestic in its many implications, was returned to him; while, from all about, from the multitudinous voices of that great assembly, there arose a concerted shout of rejoicing and, long sustained, a paean of praise. For one long moment, as moments and hours are long in the timeless

reaches of eternity, he remained quietly standing, seeming unmoved and unmoving, as though a spectator rather than an actor in the scene; while that glorious burst of song, harmonious in its rising tones, rich in its sustained overtones and in its falling modulations, filled the deep corridors of space with the fullness of melodious sound. Then, abruptly, while the last echoes in retreat escaped, one by one, across the fringes of the inaudible, he lifted abroad his wings against the outer darkness and was gone into the circles of silence from whence he came.

Across the scattering aureole of light, across the deepening twilight, into the inky-black void he sped upon his way, himself, and alone himself, the moving center of the universe where from all directions out of that incredibly hollow night, the cold, unscintillating stars, and alone the stars, stared, yellow, white and blue, upon his flight.

It was neither with that slow movement of inert matter nor with the swift movement of insensible light that he was made active, but with the still swifter movement of sentient spirit; yet, as short in time as his journey ran, it was as long as space and, in its purpose, as broad as the everlasting, for he was not sent as the dead to the dead but as the quick to the dead, that the dead be quickened.

Out of the darkness he came to stand in the golden sunlight, and out of the silence he came to rest by the sounding sea. Here, beside the primeval, lifeless shores, he thrust his hands into the sterile waters and became one in chemical union with the sunshine and the fringes of the saline depths.

From that moment, in minute form, within those ancient, blood-warm, shallow pools, life sprang into being, the red slayer and the ruddy slain, to begin its slow, laborious climb through the ages of the past unto the status of consciousness and unto intelligence, to stand erect at length upon the land, its feet in the slime and its face turned upward toward the stars. From that moment, too, through the long ages yet to come, through evil and through counterevil, life began its far, toilsome ascent unto the heights and unto the stature of the immortal gods, and into the resounding circles of the infinite from whence it came.

AVIATION SCHOOL Av/S. John H. Coit

Well, I just got out of the hospital again; this time I had the measles, and it wasn't so pleasant because I was isolated and couldn't read.

They're getting more strict around here. We've got to keep our uniforms in first class condition all the time, and anyone caught not "on the beam" the whole flight is "gigged," which means that we all have to walk tours in this hot Kansas weather.

You can take my word for it -- Kansas is the poorest state in the whole country. Then comes Utah. Why anybody would voluntarily live anywhere but in California, I can't understand. I got a letter from Stanton and, based on this, Florida is no good either. This Kansas is the hottest place in which I've ever been. The temperature is usually a little less than 100 degrees, but the humidity is so high that one can never get dry around here and one always feels as if he were suffocating. This place does not compare with anything in California. If I ever settle down to live anywhere, it'll be California. Kansas is no good.

When I was in the hospital, I witnessed the worst electrical storm I've ever seen. I was about half asleep, listening to the thunder, when I was blinded by a flash and at the same time heard the loudest crash I've ever heard. The next thing I knew I was sprawled out on the floor next to the bed. I don't know how I got there.

We have to take a lot of nonsense from this Army for it is a poor outfit. We get up at 5:30 and fall in in front of the barracks in class A uniforms at 5:45 for roll call and inspection. Then we go back into quarters, undress and make our toilets. Then we dress again. I think I'm going to wear out my buttons if this doesn't come to a hasty stop. Then we sweep, mop and dust every little crack and crevice. Then we sit and wait an hour for breakfast. After eating a few breakfasts, I'm not very hungry any more, and we march to class. Anyone caught asleep in class is gigged, and if anyone shows indifference he is washed out. At 11 a.m., we have drill and personal inspection. To pass, one must have his shoes shined, brass buttons polished till they glitter, and a strictly clean G.I. uniform with all buttons buttoned and no bulges in the pockets. After that, we eat dinner. All meals are eaten strictly at attention, that is, with one hand under the table, eyes directly forward and in absolute silence. In the afternoon, we have

physical exercises and more classes. Supper is at 7 p.m.and then we get an hour off. Then there is a roll call in the quarters and, until 10 p.m., everyone must be quiet and remain fully dressed and study.

10 p.m. is bed time. We unmake our beds. It's too hot to sleep even with a sheet over us, but that is o.k. because we don't have a sheet to go over us. We make up our beds, however, each morning as if we were at the North Pole with two thick blankets and a fluff. The blankets must be pulled up tight enough so that the inspecting officer can bounce money on the covers.

Another thing - we get roll calls at any time, day or night. If they want to call roll at 3 a.m. or any other time, we are in formation in front of the quarters in class A uniforms, ready for inspection in 5 minutes notice. The above are the rules, but anybody with any brains can ignore about half of them and get away with it. There are dopes here, however, who get caught and walk tours every Sunday. I'm having it pretty easy, and will be glad when I get to pre-flight school where the rules are really enforced.

The cookies came today. They're luscious, Mom. You are the best mother in the whole world. That goes for you, too, Dad! One of my buddies doesn't have a mother or father or any relative but his one brother who is now a Marine pilot, somewhere in the Pacific. Yet, he feels he has something worth fighting for. Certainly, I have everything to fight for.

I'm getting tired of this moldy place. It's hotter than ever, and the big boys have started a new drive keeping us awake. They're sure to fail, however, because we're pretty poor material. According to these boys, we're about the sloppiest jerks in the Army. They say it will be all right if we sleep between bed checks and roll calls in the night. But don't worry about me. I sleep most of the time. I wear my dark glasses, and I have learned to sleep in all common positions of attention. We're getting Nazi rations now for food, and some of the boys really don't get enough to eat. When we arrived at geography class today, we found one of the boys from the class before, sitting in his chair sound asleep.

The other night, my buddy and I went to the drug store to get some food. The waitress told us that she would be off in a half hour, so we walked her home. She invited us in to listen to her records and dance, which was indeed inspiring. No sooner did we start dancing, however, when in

came her old man - none other than the Major. So we had to talk to him until 11 p.m. about Kansas, politics, the war and a few other intellectual topics; while the daughter left us about 8 o'clock because she had a date.

This is really a very great day. I went up for the third time today, and I'm really on the beam, yes, a real hot pilot - that's me. The only thing not good today was my diving into cornfields.

Well, it has finally happened. I took off today. I was up for 30 minutes, but it seemed like less than 10. My instructor gave a talk about traffic patterns, procedures, etc., and then we started. I just followed through on the controls while the instructor taxied down the field. I kept my hands and my feet on the controls lightly to follow him through each maneuver in order to get the feel of it. When we got to 1000 feet, he told me that he had let go of every single thing, and for me to do anything I liked. So I tried some turns. I had a little trouble keeping in level flight. I'd either start climbing or go into a dive. These planes are just about as safe as anything. Any time something goes wrong, all you have to do is let go of everything and it will come out of it by itself. Also, I wear a parachute, in case the plane falls apart. The instructor, however, never seems to care a damn. He never wears a parachute, and sits back and looks bored with everything. He sits behind me, and if I forget about him, it's just like flying alone -- a great feeling. Personally, I can't see how anybody could get hurt in one of these crates which we fly. The next time I go up I'll practice landings and take-offs. I was rather sloppy on my last take-off. It's pretty hard to stay on a straight line when taking off, and I got so far off the runway that I couldn't find it again.

It is very warm here, but I hear from Bob that the flies are dying from the heat in Arizona; so, I guess that it's not so bad here. Big new order! No more ties. The Army has decided that it's too hot here for them. So now we look like a bunch of Lockheed workers. Things are getting lax here again, and we're having a fine time.

Yesterday, I went to a town called Clay Center. It is about the size of Sierra Madre and is some 40 miles from here. There are practically no soldiers there. It's the most hospitable place I've yet seen. In Manhattan, there are practically nothing but soldiers, and the people don't care much about them; but in Clay Center, it was quite different. Everybody says hello, there are special rates on amusements for the soldiers, and most everything costs just about half as much as in Manhattan.

GUILD MEETINGS

The program of the Guild for the June meeting to be held on Friday evening, June 2, at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, is to be the one originally planned for the April meeting. Mr. William J. Trevorrow, who has been long a collector of odd, humorous inscriptions from tombstones and monuments in his travels, will speak on the subject, "Inscriptions and Verses Around the World."

By birth a native son of California, Mr. Trevorrow is Welsh by descent and has made a study of the customs and manners of the Welsh people. In 1937, he visited Wales and, at an eisteddfod held at Penzance, was initiated into the brotherhood as a bard of Cornwall. He may have something to tell us about that land and people.

The May meeting was a social get-together and a swap party. Everyone brought something to swap for something else, from victory garden vegetables and flowers to works of art and books. After that, Rol Lewis walked off with the door prize, a lovely painting generously donated by Mrs. Elmer Weese.

For the July meeting, Mr. R. E. Toms plans as the program a showing of films from the University of California illustrative of the sources of American culture. This to consist of three films, one to do with the development of Colonial architecture, one on the patterns of American rural art (folk art), and a third from the Department of Agriculture, showing the extent of our dependence upon the soil. In preparation for this meeting to be held on July 7, everyone is urged to be ready to bring in samples of native rural art or textiles, anything available.

COVER DRAWING

The picture reproduced upon the front cover is of a sketch made by Bernard Wynne of a scene in New Britain and flown to Alfred J. Dewey by V-mail. Mr. Dewey rendered the sketch upon the lithograph plate. The view is one of the jungle-clad mountains, a small volcanic cone to the right looming through the dark clouds, as seen looking to the south from Camp Gloucester.

HORACE the guild mouse

we r sad the mrs and the offsprings and me. everybody except the poleesmen is meen to us mouses. we wuz all moved down from the vine in a nice box kozy with rags and paint tubes and put in the old brick oven that wuz fine and then bob tomz sez lets stop up all the holes and shut tight the oven door and make the place look kozy even if it aint and all slicked up. and nobody sez a thing as how horace thats me is goin to get out of the brick oven again till alf ups and hollers not on ur life ther aint nobody agoin to shut that oven door on account of its got to stay open with a red lite shining from the inside out. so nobody dast say anything more about slickin up. but how wood u like it with a big red lite rite inside ur house so u dont have no privalcy at all even inside in a dark brick oven all lited up. i dont neether.

well the mrs and me wuz countin on the gild meatin to get us sum krums and whadaya think they had a swap party and it wuz krumy enuf but everbody swapped krums with everbody else and ther wuznt nothin left that we cud get ouer teeth in but rol lewises kabbage what he bragged wuz razed up rite in his own v for viktury garden until it wuz puffed up all with the wind. so i sez to the mrs they has dun us 2 dirt they has fixed the place up like a dusty bewty parlor and theys not a krum of meet to be seen in all the dirt. so lets us both go over to the poleesmens station i sez to see whats cookin ther meenin what sanwitches krums had fell on the floor. ile go with u sez mrs m. i new she wood. and i kan tell u mrs m i sez if the artz gild duzent watch out to put out more krums for horace thats me ime like to move to next door to mrs malard what nos how to treet a mouse when she sees one. i hav put the high lites to bed every month ever since bernard has went to war and how wood theyre high lites get itself printed without horace the litel printers devil thats me. o shut up sez mrs m u r awful devilish u r she sez and thats u i dont think.

but last weak things really got a litel beter when one afternoon david raises up off the gild kouch a minit an sez to alf as how he meens to stay ther a long while becoz the bundils for america were cumin an he wuznt goin to miss a one of them, so we stayed too wudnt u. just then ther wuz a grate cumoshun at the frunt door an in cum mrs goodfellow with her apron full with bundils of cake and cookies an boy wuz i glad to see her. it wuznt long after that when david got up offen the kouch to inspect sum of the bundils and it wuznt long after that when ther wuz a superflooishness of cookie krums in the kitshun.

THE STORY OF THE MINIATURE

Ella Shepard Bush

"A sense of law and beauty" awoke in prehistoric men, and among them were the first artists. They created life-like portraits in miniature, on ivory. These great craftsmen employed significance of line and form in a limited space. In the caves of both France and Spain have been found marvelous examples of their work.

In a vignette on papyrus from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," is an early miniature portrait. Gold coins have been unearthed bearing the portrait of Alexander the Great.

As early as 500 B.C., portraits of Greek heroes were carved on gems to be set in finger rings. Romans wore jewels bearing heads of Homer, Socrates and Demosthenes.

Persian Mongols with Genghis Khan invaded China in 1210. About that time, the great Persian poem, "Shahnama," was illustrated with one hundred miniature paintings, now in collections in Boston. Persian art is rich in color and design. Their garden scenes, gold bordered, portray nobles and retainers drawn with precision and charm. Love of nature, in opulence of foliage and flowers, is felt throughout those lovely patterned masterpieces. This art, invading China, shows its influence in miniature landscapes so exquisitely wrought that the beholder is breathless before their intricacy and perfection of design. Portraits of emperors and sages, minutely wrought, are of finest execution.

Illuminated manuscripts often contained portraits, some by Fra Angelico and other noted monks. These may still be seen between the leaves of ancient choral books. From the time when a manuscript of the Gospels, illuminated in purple and gold, was presented by the Archbishop of York to the Cathedral, England has been a kind foster mother to this art, and many famous miniaturists have found appreciation there.

The Italian Renaissance revived the art of making portraits in the form of medals which could be reproduced in numbers. Their circular form continued in the bronze and in the carved boxwood or lithographic portraits of France and Germany in the 15th and 16th Centuries. Henry VIII employed the master-painter, Holbein, who stands at the head of a long line of great miniature painters. Under his very skillful hand the medallion form continued, the foundation being cardboard or vellum. At that time, backgrounds were

usually painted in a clear ultramarine blue. Opaque water color was used for flesh tints and for draperies.

In the Los Angeles Museum is an outstanding example of Holbein's work -- the head of a young woman exquisitely drawn, the character sensitively portrayed. This gem was bequeathed here to the museum by Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch. The portrait of "Mrs.Pemberton," formerly in the Morgan collection, is a priceless masterpiece by Holbein. It is severely simple in treatment, a pattern in black and white and blue, with flesh tint, yet impressive in personality and womanly charm.

Among the eminent painters who followed Holbein, was Nicholas Hilliard who painted Queen Elizabeth, always without shadows, at her majesty's command. Then the Olivers broadened this art, making it more naturalistic.

Samuel Cooper, called the Vandyke of all miniature painting, gave to water color the strength and freedom of oil painting. He valued shadows; and Pepys speaks of sitting for them as if they were something new. Cooper's portrait of Oliver Cromwell is one of his great achievements.

Richard Cosway was a popular miniaturist of the 18th Century when ivory came into use as a surface for painting in transparent water color. Its texture shows through delicate strokes and washes, lending itself to the representation of living flesh. Because of ease of revision it is also the most perfect surface for drawing. In the Huntington Art Gallery are examples of the work of Cosway, John Smart and other miniaturists of the 18th Century.

In Colonial America lived a number of well trained artists who painted the celebrities and beauties of that place and period. Harry B. Wehle, a curator of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, has compiled a book listing these miniaturists and reproducing portraits by them. The subject of early American miniatures, the work of Malbone, Copley, C.W. Peale, John Trumbull and many others, is also covered in "Heirlooms in Miniature," by Anne H. Wharton. George Washington posed for his portrait on ivory while in camp during the Revolutionary War.

In the early 19th Century, a new and gracious influence came into this art through the work of Rosalba Carriera, a Venetian. Her luminous color and her technique, free yet controlled, transformed the manner of painting on ivory from a formal and too often lifeless method to one far removed from that of the prevailing "porcelain finish."

She used her brush below the point, or on the side. The water color flowed under her ample strokes. She gave her work an opalescence and, to her subjects, the glow of life and youth.

Queen Victoria was an ardent admirer of miniature painting. She once remarked to a French painter that she feared that photography would displace it. "Oh, non! Your Majesty," he replied; "photography can't flatter!" Yet, the art of the camera, for many years, was given precedence over the art of painting on ivory. The few examples of that period reflect the result of the indifference of the public. No great work was possible until the latter part of the 19th Century when William J. Baer, Theodora W. Thayer, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Laura Coombs Hills and Alice Beckington, fully trained portrait painters in oils, came together to compare notes after experimenting in their separate studios with water color on ivory. These gifted painters, intensely individualistic, contributed new vitality to the ancient art of miniature portraiture. "The American Scene" has never been more significantly portrayed. Whether their subjects were in palatial or in ordinary surroundings they were representative of our "way of life." To take the work of one of this group, Miss Thayer, whose influence as a painter and a teacher is unsurpassed in our time, we note that it reflects a search for the character of the sitter, primarily. Accessories, costume, are subordinated to the reality of the intensely interesting personality, sincerely and beautifully seen and expressed.

These five painters with a few others, in 1899, formed the "American Society of Miniature Painters" in New York with the intention of holding annual exhibitions where a competent jury would pass upon all work submitted so that the public might see genuine miniatures of the highest order. Tawdry imitations, tinted photographs on ivory, were then as now misleading all but those who love and know the real in art. The Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters was founded in 1901. The Brooklyn and Chicago societies, and our own California Society of Miniature Painters were founded in 1912. These have all held annual exhibitions and have been represented in national expositions. The Royal Miniature Society of London has upheld high ideals, and many American miniaturists have exhibited there.

Sierra Madre has its part in the development of miniature painting in California, in the work of a group of students called "the Malbonians." For years they met in the Estudio de la Hermosa Vista, painting on ivory some of our distinguished citizens. Some of the Malbonians came from

Los Angeles, Hollywood and Pasadena. One member lives in Laguna. Two members live in Sierra Madre, Miss Catherine Bode and Miss Daphne Alley. Since exhibiting with the California Society Of Miniature Painters, each Malbonian has become a valued member of that organization, working on committees and holding responsible offices. Thus has Sierra Madre shared in carrying on this age-long tradition, the search for utmost truth and beauty as depicted in smallest spaces.

REFERENCE ROOM, PUBLIC LIBRARY Helen Ferguson Caukin

Here books with summer colors bloom,
But an august air pervades the room,
And hushed I sit, debating if,
By reading the past from hieroglyph,
I will forsake the day to go
To an Egypt's age these pages show, -

If I will quit this sultry room
To enter a cool magnificent tomb
Through the dry leaves of a book (that yet
Are dampened by a king's old threat),
Quit studious fellows quick at hand
To share in mummy contraband.

But sudden! outside the volumed wall
Slim poplars fling their arms to scrawl
Greenly on morning skies of slate;
Fern fronds scribble in figure-eight;
Slender lines of rainfall pass
Their script upon the casement glass.

Nile's figs for History, symbolled thick!
I'll cipher the fern's arithmetic;
I'll scan wet leaves on a stony heaven
(Whence Noah's history was riven);
I'll study the rain whose volume shows
Blurred illustration of the rose.

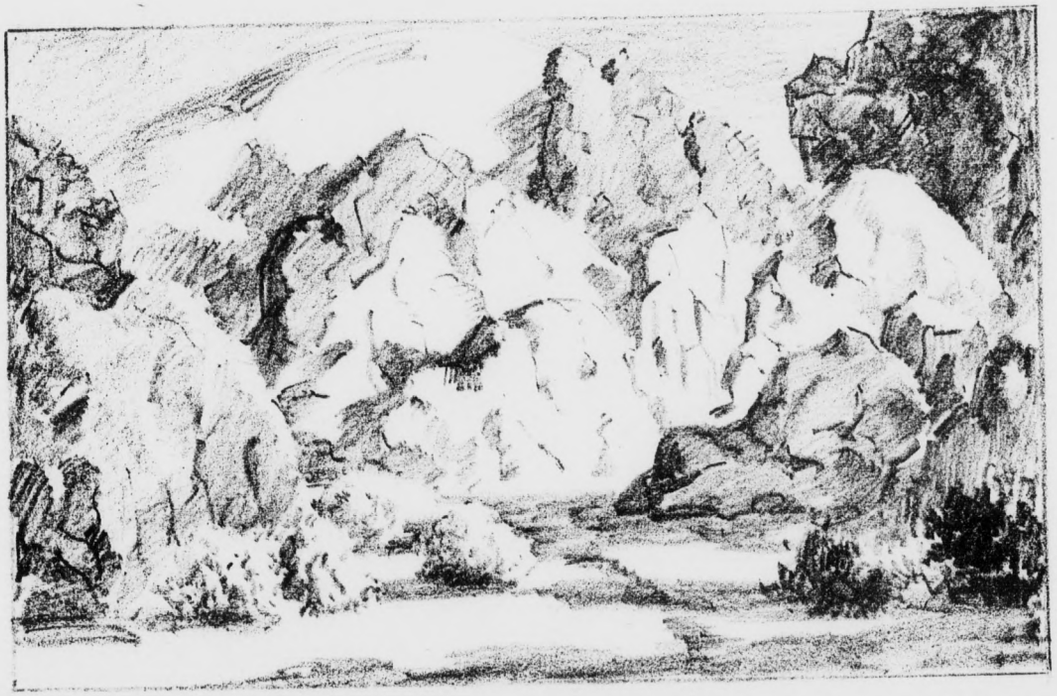
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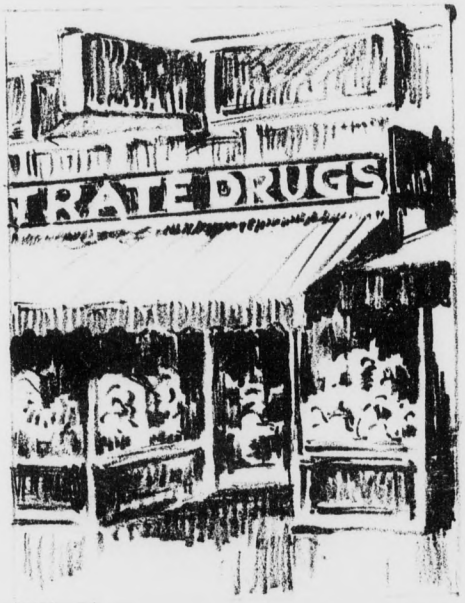
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